for powder, thei'le fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but, ſir Iohn, methinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Fal Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that and for their barenelle, I am ſure they neuer learnt that of me

Prin. No, Ile beſworne, vnleſſe you cal three fingers on the ribs bare: but ſirra make haſt, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the king in camp't?

Weſt, He is, ſir Iohn, I feare we ſhal ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the later end of a fray, and the begining of a feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt,*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo, looks he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good cooſin be aduiſde, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Doug. You do not counſell well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, Douglas, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:
Let be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.
Yea or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certaine horſe
Of my cooſin Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

Your Vncle Worceſters horſes came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is a ſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemie,
In generall iorney bated and brought low.
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods ſake, Cooſin, ſtay till al come in.

The trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter ſir Walter Blunt.

Blunt I come with gratious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcom, ſir Walter Blunt: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen thoſe ſome
Enuy your great deſeruings and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt vs like an enemie.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtil I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You ſtand againſt anointed Maieſtie,
But to my charge. The king hath ſent to know
The nature of your greiues, and whereupon
You coniure from the breaſt of ciuill peace,
Such bold hoſtilitie, teaching his dutious land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Haue any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefes, and with all ſpeede,
You ſhall haue your deſires, with intereſt
And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe.
Herein miſled by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the king
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My father, my vncle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame royaltie he weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the worldes regard, wretched, and low,

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